

# Flight

Samantha Atkins

Perched on the edge of  
Seat D Row 33  
I am a featherless eagle.  
Flying so smoothly  
reminds me of us sitting  
calm in that empty fountain  
in the August midnight.

With your long arms wrapped round my waist  
we sat on the concrete lip,  
our knees bent and feet resting on  
copper pennies. You kissed me  
hard and quick  
pecking at my lips with your sugary beak  
as though trying to crack me open.

I rested my right hand on the ledge  
my left on your leg, and let the  
spiney pricks of our biting kisses surge  
from my groin to the base of my brain.  
We were nothing then but stars  
with legs and darting tongues  
yet we were everything.

Under the moon, I said,  
You are the blood my heart moves.  
But you, quiet, wrapped the pads of your  
fingertips  
round my shoulder bones,  
pressed your cheek against my nose  
and whispered,  
We're two drops of water in a pool.  
Who knows what cloud will pull us back.

Now, after a thousand miles,  
I am eyeing the bus lines on a map  
colored purple and blue  
and thinking of the veins in your too-distant  
arms.

I am staring at my shoes  
hoping you will await the December moon  
to collect me like the fractured bits  
of starlight I will be.